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HANALEI ROAD-HAND BURIED UNDER CAVE-IN

Japanese Editor Speaks Up For His Countrymen—Aviator Falls To His Death In Kansas

(Special to the Garden Island)

HANALEI, Sept. 1st.—Peter Kanihaalilo, a laborer in the road gang working on the Hanalei grade, came near losing his life to-day when a piece of earth under which he was tunneling, gave way, burying him completely. A wheel barrow, which he had taken into the excavation was at his side when the cave in occurred and in some manner he was thrown beneath it before the earth came down.

When found, his head lay under the wheel barrow, which fact saved his life.

He was taken to his home and medical aid summoned, and examination revealed severe bruises but no broken bones.

EDITOR SHEBA SPEAKS UP FOR JAPANESE

Editor Sheba, publisher of one of the leading daily Japanese newspapers of Honolulu, says that Japan will carry out a policy of Japan for Japan if its America for the whites.

CAN'T STAND JEERS AND FLIES TO DEATH

A Kansas Aviator who refused to fly in the teeth of a prevailing wind storm, was jeered by the crowd who had gathered to witness the flight. Being unable to bear the rebukes longer, he made the flight and when at a dizzy height fell and was instantly killed. Kansas boasts of having no saloons, but a crowd of teetotalers who take delight in gawping a man to his death is certainly far from being any improvement on a drunken crowd of hoodlums.

JAPANESE ATTACKED WITH ELEVATED SPINE

The Japanese have an elevated feeling in the region of their spinal column as a result of the proposed Dillingham Bill, declaring that they are greatly humiliated by being classed with the Chinese.

The Bill provides that no immigrant who is ineligible to become a citizen can enter American territory and there is little need of Japan or any other country, construing this to apply to its own case. The object of the bill was apparently to remove if possible, the appearance of any slight toward the people of any particular nation and now that Japan has taken exceptions to it, the good intention of the formation of this bill—in so far as Japan is concerned—seems a failure.

Some Personal Notes

Senator Carter put the kibosh on four Departmental clerks last Friday, claiming that the young men had been just a little too strong in their admiration of his daughter.

Los Angeles is to have a big electrical combination, no less than eight railway lines joining hands, with a representation of \$100,000,000.

Captain Saunders, a well known figure among Honolulu water frontiers, and for years commander of the Korean and Manchurian is dead. The Kapala Hill is receiving a much needed coating of oil.

Miss Ruth Lindly and Miss Lulu Weber are guests of Mrs. C. B. Makee in Hanalei. They return to Honolulu Saturday to make preparation for their fall studies, both being Punahou girls.

New People.

Born: To the wife of J. S. Malina, Saturday, Sept. 4th 1911, a pole player.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD IS UNVEILED BY MRS. C. M. COOKE BEFORE LARGE CROWD

Last Friday morning at ten o'clock, in the presence of about two hundred of Kauai's most prominent citizens, a beautiful monument of marble, representing a broken shaft, on the face of which is most exquisitely sculptured, throngs of draped figures of men, women and children whose upturned faces with parted lips, made luminous by a glorious light which appears to be streaming from above, seem to be singing their way upward. Reclining at the foot of the monument, are two bronze figures apparently in the throes of deepest grief. One of the figures is that of a son who lies prostrate, his head resting on his arms, while

homes happier, our opportunities greater.

Impress us, we pray Thee, with a deeper sense of the obligations which rest upon us by virtue of this inheritance which is ours—unto whom much is given—may we realize the measure of our responsibility. Give us grace we pray Thee that we may be worthy of the aims and ideals of the Father; that the mantle of the Father may fall upon us; that we may wear it worthily.

And when, at length the call comes to us to give an account of our Stewardship, may we too receive the praise, "well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

thus afflicted. But if you raise your eyes from these sad mourners, up to the high column again and look closer, at the large procession, you will see the victims of death are not prostrated, not sinking down into darkness and destruction. No, they are all walking upwards. Strong rays of light are streaming forth upon them from above and are drawing them upwards towards the full light and they are aware of these rays. They are enjoying the light and the warmth and wandering forth with joy and happiness into the light and life eternal.

That is the meaning of this monument—the aim not to depress us,

sentences, the Rev. Hans Isenberg explained the reasons and objects that had animated the donors from first to last, and then in a short address, most happily fitting to the occasion, in language so simple that every child present could understand, in words eloquent by their very simplicity, he dwelt on the value of works of art in influencing for good, the lives of men and women, in silently appealing to their hearts and uplifting their minds to a clearer and truer perception of the works of the "Great Architect of the Universe." Thus emphasizing by his remarks—perhaps all unconsciously—the sweet sentiment of the poet Keats:



Lihue Brook, on the banks of which stands, in the grove of pines appearing opposite the Lihue Mill smoke stack, the Isenberg monument which was dedicated to the Lihue Cemetery last Friday.

the other figure depicts a mother in the attitude of consoling her grief-stricken son.

This beautiful piece of art which far exceeds anything of its kind in the Territory, is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Isenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Isenberg, and Mrs. C. M. Cooke, in memory of their loved ones who have passed on before, while the monument is a masterpiece of art by the famous Danish sculptor, Sinding. The placing of this magnificent piece of marble and bronze entrusted to the skill of Mr. Scheibert, Lihue's mason, and his work is deserving of highest praise.

Promptly at ten o'clock, Rev. Kamao of the Lihue Hawaiian Church, took a position on a platform which had been constructed for the occasion, and led a part of the assembled in rendering the hymn "Jesus Lover of My Soul," following which he read the "Nineteenth Psalm." At the conclusion of his reading, he led in rendering the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee." Rev. Mr. Lydgate then made the following prayer:

Rev. J. M. Lydgate's Prayer.

"Lord God of our Father, with whom there is neither shadow nor variability of turning the same yesterday to-day and forever, we bow before Thee in all humility—we are here to-day and gone to-morrow; we are as the grass of the field, which groweth up, in the morning it is cut down and withereth.

We rejoice that in Thee we take hold of Eternal life; we rejoice that our beloved dead pass not utterly away—we hold them in our hearts. We keep them in our memories, but most of all they are hidden with Christ in God, and the veil between this life and that is very thin.

And now, as we gather here for the public unveiling of this monument to the memory of the beloved and honored dead, we rejoice in the grace, the dignity, the worth of these lives. Endowed with many talents, they have used them as in Thy Service and have received the reward of faithfulness. And we entered into the fruit of their labors. Because of what they have been and done, our lives are richer, ours so many of us who have been

In the name and for the sake of our Lord and Master—Amen."

At the conclusion of the prayer, Rev. Hans Isenberg delivered the following explanation of the monument.

Rev. Hans Isenberg's Address.

"My dear friends, I have been asked to give you some explanation about this monument which is to be unveiled presently. True works of art do not require lengthy explanations, for they are clear and intelligible to every one.

"They attract and delight our eyes by their beauty and appeal to our minds.

"They move and touch our hearts and reveal the deepest truth often hidden to us, most distinctly, and bring it home to us more powerfully than the words of the most eloquent orator. I trust it will be so with this monument, the work of a true artist. I trust it will be clear and intelligible, and powerful, and helpful. I hope it will draw many of our people to come hither and sit down on this bench, let the eyes rest on this work of art, enjoy the beauty and receive the help we so often need for our hearts and minds.

"I will therefore say only a few words of guidance that may be helpful at the first aspect.

"On the high stile of the monument, you will see a large procession of various people—the procession of the human race that goes on constantly at the order of death. You will see some aged and worn, their labors fulfilled, tired and willing to follow the call, but also many strong and vigorous, called away from the midst of their work, and others in the prime of life—a young wife and mother, looking back with a sad face—sad to be called away from her young husband and her helpless babies—you will see young children in the procession, tender buds, broken by cruel death before they had time to bloom. And at the foot of the high stile you will see the effect of this work of death. Two figures, mourning, prostrated with grief, longing for those whom death has taken—longing in vain—a pitiful sight. Yet, true to life, familiar and done, our lives are richer, ours so many of us who have been

but to comfort and reassure us, to strengthen our faith and hope in light and life eternal; to believe that the victory is ours, in spite of all the affliction—death, swallowed up, is victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Mrs. C. M. Cooke Dedicates.

Mrs. C. M. Cooke, in an impressive and dignified manner, then stepped forward, and in the following well chosen words, completed this interesting and memorable ceremony:

"To the memory of the loved ones who have gone before us, we present this monument to the public, hoping that it may be a lasting reminder of those lives and the ennobling influences they have left to us. We now unveil it to you."

Scarcely had the last word died away, and exactly at nineteen minutes past ten, when a slash from a knife in the hands of Mr. Scheibert, severed the cords which held the great canvas in position, and down came the canvas, revealing to the spectators who gazed in open-eyed admiration at this wonderful piece of art.

The sweet strains of "Aloha Oe," concluded the beautiful ceremony.

THE ISENBERG FAMILY AND THEIR MEMORIAL

EDITOR GARDEN ISLAND:

Dear Sir,

A small part of your columns for a few remarks on the above will be much appreciated.

It may be said, I feel sure, without any straining of words, that all those of mature years whose privilege it was to witness the unveiling and dedication of the Isenberg family monument, will long hold pleasing recollection of that interesting ceremony and the happy incidents connected therewith. And to those members of the family most intimately associated together in the meritorious work of arranging and providing for such a beautiful work of art, surely of them it can be safely affirmed that recollection of that long desired day, recollection clear, vivid and joyous, will outlast unto life's end.

In some few brief but well chosen

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Looking on that monument [fully as much a memorial] after it had been unveiled by Mrs. C. M. Cooke, what thinking mind could doubt that it will be a very strong although silent, force for continuous good. For there it stood revealed, a noble work of art, in the highest, best sense of the word, excellent in execution, but more excellent in the height and depth and nobility of conception, and yet, withal, so sweetly and touchingly simple.

The dominant notes in the harmony of the design are love and faith and hope as expressed by the Christian religion; and let the cynic rail and the scoffer deride as they may, but the one great central fact remains that the Christian religion has been and is the most potent factor for the uplift of the human races that this, our world, has ever known.

But pleasing tho' it was to gaze on that beautiful creation of man's art and skill, yet many were the sympathetic eyes that turned to rest on the gracious and benevolent lady (the chief human figure in that auspicious ceremony) whose numerous acts of loving kindness have made a life of her name, by unanimous report, throughout the length and breadth of Kauai, the synonym for good deeds.

Small wonder, then, nay, no wonder whatever, that she who is so richly endowed with the attributes of a noble womanhood is so much revered, so greatly beloved. For has it not been most truthfully written:

"Tis only noble to be good."
"Kind hearts are more than coronets."
"And simple faith than Norman blood."

Moving among her friends with gracious mien and smiling looks she seemed the embodiment of a nature peaceful, happy, content.

And why not? No time this for tears or regrets. This day her loving task is ended; the desire of long years is attained; the fruition of hope is consummated; the harvest of her joys is complete.

Not without sorrows has her life been lived, but the same faith and

BOY SCOUTS ON THE FIRST HIKE TO COUNTRY

Have Delightful Outing—Locate Imaginary And Various Wild Animals—Don't Like Rest-Cure

The Boy Scouts conducted their first campaign this last week. They "hit the trail" at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning Kamooloa and though this trail was, for much of the way a broad macadamized road they were as full of enthusiasm and adventure as though it had been a trail across the Rockies. Every old cow by the roadside was a possible bear, every distant Jap suggested an Indian,—every dusty hollow an ambush, out of which the enemy might suddenly spring. About 3 hours of diligent "hoofing" it brought them to the camp,—in this case a mountain cottage—where the Scout master was waiting them with commissariat supplies. An animated discussion followed as to how much water should be allowed to 2 cups of rice the suggestions ranging from 2 to 20 cups. A compromise of 8 was adopted which wasn't far out.

After lunch a siesta of one hour was ordered, and endured with much fortitude. The silence asked something of perfection.

A fishing expedition arranged for the afternoon brought home eloquent rumors but no real fish and two or three heads of excellent wild taro.

At night around the extemporized camp, five Boy Scout exploits in other lands were related and the purposes of the movement were explained, until, at 9 o'clock the order "lights out" imposed silence and sleep.

Among other interests of the next day was the plant hunt—20 minutes to bring in the most plants. 52 was the highest number.

The hardest strain on the condition of implicit obedience was the silence of the rest hour, and one or two boys bubbled over so badly that they were ordered, by way of discipline, to carry home their blankets which they did in manly though shame faced fashion.

They would like to have staid longer, but the art of camping is to stop while they wish there was more of it—there will be more of it another time.

MRS. J. K. GANDALL ENTERTAINS AT TEA

One of the most delightful social events of the season was the afternoon tea given by Mrs. J. K. Gandall on Friday afternoon last.

Chairs and tables were set out on the lawn under the shade of the fine old trees, and there Mrs. Gandall received her guests with such easy and natural grace that everyone felt at home at once and entered cordially into the spirit of the occasion. The refreshments, which added to the interest of the event were of the most delicious quality and the table appointments delicate and artistic. It was a most enjoyable and congenial affair and the ladies were loath to leave.

trust that have sustained multitudes in their hours of grief have sustained and comforted her, and with them she has followed the poet in his lofty conception and has sung—

"I hold it truth what'er befall,"
"I know it when I sorrow most,"

"Tis better to have loved and lost,"
"Than never to have loved at all."

And so calmly, serenely, and with quiet gladness she passes on her way, for she knows that in due season—or in the stillness of the dawn, or thro' the noontide glare, or in the hush of eventide—some grief laden soul will seek the hallowed silence of that "God's acre" on the crest of the hill, and there in tearful contemplation before that expressive, that eloquent, that appealing story in marble and bronze find comfort and consolation and support, and that

"Peace of God which passeth all understanding."